Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am little like an Ape,
He thinkes that you should beare me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons,
To mittigate the scorne he giues his Vncle:
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe,
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along,
My selfe and my good Cosen Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreate of her,
To meete you at the tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you go vnto the tower my Lo?
Prin. My Lo: protector needes will haue it so.
Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the tower.
Glo. Why, what should you feare?
Yor. Mary my Vncle Clarence angry ghost:
My Granam tolde me he was murdred there.
Pri. I feare no Vnckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Pri And if they liue, I hope I needs not feare:
But come my Lo: with a heauy heart
Thinking on them, go I vnto the tower.

Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Dors. manet, Rich. Buck.

Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this little prating Yorke,
Was not incensed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt. Oh tis a perillous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
Buc. Well, let them rest: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkest thou? is it not an easie matter
To make William Lo: Hastings of our minde,
For the installement of this noble Duke,
In the seate royall of this famous Ile?

Cates.

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buck. What thinkest thou then of Stanley what will he?
Cat. He will doe all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,
Sound thou Lo: Hastings, how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, if he be willing,
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold deuided counsels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be emploied.
Glo. Commend me to Lo: William, tell him Catesby,
His auncient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let bloud at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Mistresse Shore, one gentle kisse the more.
Buck. Good Catesby effect this busines soundly.
Cat. My good Lo: both, with all the heede I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we sleepe?
Cat. You shall my Lord.
Glo. At Crosby place there shall you finde vs both.
Buc. Now my Lo: what shall we doe, if we perceiue
William Lo: Hastings will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop of his head man, somewhat we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother stood possest.
Buc. Ile claime that promise at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with all willingnes:
Come let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Messenger to Lo: Hastings.

Mes. What ho my Lord.
Hast. Who knockes at the dore.
Mes. A messenger from the Lo: Stanley. *Enter L. Hast.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22314) LONDON, 1597 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[4]) Octavo